

THE
VISION.

A
POEM.

By Mr. CROXALL,
Author of the Two Original CANTOS of SPENSER.

*Auditis? an me ludit amabilis
Infania? audire, & videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœna
Quos & Aquæ subeunt & Auræ.* Hor.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Tonson, at Shakespear's-Head over-
against Catherine-street in the Strand. 1715.

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VISION.

A
POEM.

By Mr. CROXALL.
Author of the Two Original Cantos of the Answer.

Quos & Adus habent & adus.
I want per lucos, & adus
Infamia; unde, & unde per
Anditis? an me lucis & adus.

LONDON:
Printed for J. Tonson, at Shakespeare's Head over
against Catherine Street in the Strand. 1711.

DEDICATION

Though it be a general Opinion among Writers that the In-
scriptions of an Author may be published by the Honorable
which stands in the Title Page; as the Bishops of a Church is com-
bled and made to pass current from the Title of an Image and
Inscription: My Lord, I have in this Dedication
in his Panegyric was the only Motive for my intended Dedication.
I had a personal Obligation; of which I was resolv'd upon the
first Opportunity to make publick Acknowledgment: And I have
to this Piece made a first Attempt, to dedicate the Publick's
and Integrity of my Patron, whom we must now suppose to be
dead.

To the Right Honourable the

E A R L of *HALIFAX*.

TO break in with the impertinent Trifle of a Dedication, upon that great and unaffected Sorrow, which at this Time must attend Your Lordship, may be thought unpardonable. But, my Lord, I esteem it a Point of Duty to Inscribe that to Your Lordship, which was design'd to have been address'd to your Uncle of dear and eternal Memory, the Great Earl of *Halifax*: whose Name I should forbear to Mention, if I thought Your Lordship's Concern capable of being augmented by it. By the untimely Death of that incomparable Person, the King must suffer an irreparable Loss of a most able and faithful Minister; the Nation of an experienced and disinterested Statesman; and all Arts and Sciences of the most accomplished Patron that has flourish'd since the Days of the *Roman Augustus*. The Humanity and Elegance of his Manners will be missed in a Court distinguished by its Politeness; his deep Penetration, and Vigilance, at the Council; his persuasive Eloquence and Moderation, amongst his Peers; his Affability and uncommon Skill as a Director, among his Dependents in the Business of the Treasury; and his Universal Benevolence, amongst all Mankind. Your Lordship will pardon me for presuming to mention these few of his Virtues; and acquit me for declining to recount them all. It is as impossible to think of those admirable Perfections with Silence as to paint the least of them to the Life; a Work too hard for any Genius, unless one should arise equal to His.

Though

D E D I C A T I O N.

Though it be a general Opinion among Writers that the Imperfections of an Author may be palliated by the honourable Title which stands in the First Page; as the Baseness of a Metal is ennobled and made to pass current from the Dignity of its Image and Inscription: Yet, my Lord, I cannot say that the Confidence I had in his Patronage was the only Motive for my intended Dedication. I had a personal Obligation; of which I was resolv'd upon the first Opportunity to make a publick Acknowledgment: And I have therefore (however I may have fall'n short) in the Introduction to this Piece made a faint Attempt, to describe the Publick Spirit and Integrity of my Patron; whom we must now suppose the foremost in the Rank of this *Visionary Assembly*. This Debt, since I have been disappointed of paying it where it was so justly due, I humbly beg Your Lordship to accept: And forgive me, my Lord, for judging You, among Your other valuable Possessions, entitled to any thing so mean and worthless.

I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Obedient, and

most Humble Servant,

S. CROXALL.

Though

THE

VISION.

THE Man, whose Life by *Virtue's* Model fram'd
 Flows calmly on unspotted and unblam'd,
 Whose gentle Heart exults with freeborn Blood
 In Principles of *Honour* richly good,
 Can *Envy's* ugly Frowns unmov'd survey,
 And look on Civil Storms without Dismay:
 Him, nor the passive Bigot can controul,
 Nor tricking Statesman bend his steady Soul;
 His stable Breast inur'd to persevere
 In wav'ring Times, admits not guilty Fear.
 Tho' round his Head loud Warriour Thunders roar,
 And vanquish'd Tyrants tempt with all their Store;
 Inspir'd by conscious Worth and nobly bold,
 He scorns alike proud *Bourbon's* Threats and Gold.

B

Tho'

Tho' heaving Winds should burst this solid Ball,
 And ev'ry Star in crumbling Ruin fall;
 His Mind compos'd, and Temper manly stern,
 Would meet the dreadful Crush with Unconcern.

* Merit like this rais'd *Hercules* of old,
 And *Leda's* Twins among the Gods enrol'd;
 Thus *Nassau*, thus *AUGUSTUS* taught to rise,
 Have spurn'd the Ground, and gain'd the Chrystal Skies;
 Where *Bacchus*, sweet Inventor of the Vine,
 Supplies in Purple Streams Nectareous Wine:
 Their mortal Toils in soft Oblivion drown'd,
 They feast repos'd on fleecy Clouds around, [crown'd.]
 And quaff full Bowls of Bliss with circling Glories,

Toss'd with these Thoughts, in vain my waking Head
 Sought the sweet Quiet of the downy Bed;
 And tho' no Cares of Love usurp'd my Breast,
 No piercing Grief my peaceful Mind oppress'd;
 † Yet *Morpheus* still averse deny'd me Rest.

* *Hercules*, and the *Twin Sons of Leda* by *Jupiter*, *Castor* and *Pollux*, are said by the Poets to have been receiv'd into Heaven after Death, for their Heroick Exploits; the Happiness whereof is suppos'd to consist (among other Pleasures) in drinking Nectar.

As *Horace*, in the Third Ode of his Third Book, has made no Scruple of admitting *Augustus* to the Banquet of the Gods even while he was alive; I take the same Liberty to represent his Majesty King *GEORGE*, under the Name of *AUGUSTUS*, as partaking the Happiness of his great Ancestor *K. William the III*d.

† *Morpheus*, the God of Sleep; who is said to preside over Nocturnal Affairs, in dispensing Dreams, quiet Repose, &c. or with-holding 'em at his Pleasure.

ON

On various Themes I spent the tedious Night,
 And sleepless saw the Morn's new-dawning Light;
 Then rose, and issuing forth with early Day
 Down to the woodland Glade I bent my Way;
 * Where gentle *Mole* rolls on his silent Streams
 Thro' *Surrian* Dales to meet the Silver *Thames*.
 Here in the Covert of a lonely Grove,
 Retir'd alike for Poetry or Love,
 Pensive beneath a spreading Oak I stood
 That veil'd the hollow Channel of the Flood:
 Along whose shelving Bank the Violet Blue
 And Primrose Pale in lovely Mixture grew.
 High over-arch'd the bloomy Woodbine hung,
 The gaudy Goldfinch from the Maple sung;
 The little warbling Minstrel of the Shade
 To the gay Morn her due Devotion paid:
 Next, the soft Linnet ecchoing to the Thrush
 With Carols fill'd the smelling Briar-bush;
 While *Philomel* attun'd her artless Throat,
 And from the Hawthorn breath'd a trilling Note.
 Indulgent Nature smil'd in ev'ry Part
 And fill'd with Joy unknown my ravish'd Heart.

* *Mole, a River, so call'd from its running a considerable Space under Ground; it rises not far from Box-Hill near Dorking in the County of Surrey, and falls into the Thames over-against Hampton-Court.*

Attent

Attent I listen'd while the Feather'd Throng
 Alternate finish'd and renew'd their Song;
 Then, strolling on as Chance or Fancy led,
 I gain'd the Margin of a verdant Mead;
 Whose even Surface, like th' unruffled Main,
 With Grassy Hue display'd a level Plain.
 Here ev'ry Flow'r that Nature's Pencil draws
 In various Kinds a bright Enamel rose:
 The silver Dazy streak'd with ruddy Light,
 The yellow Cowslip and the Snow-drop white;
 The fragrant * *Hyacinth*, *Apollo's* Flow'r,
 And fresh *Narciss* that love the streamy Shore.
 There Crow-feet did their Purple Bells unfold,
 And the smooth King-Cup shone with Leaves of Gold.

The utmost Border was a lofty Mound
 Of shady Forest-Trees that grew around;
 Whose Boughs their little Tendrils interwove,
 And clasping gave a Type of Friendly Love.
 Beyond, a bushy Brake o'er-run the Place,
 Which one continu'd mazy Thicket was.

* *Hyacinthus*, a Youth belov'd by *Apollo*; kill'd by the violent Rebound of a Quoit as they were playing together; and upon that by the God transform'd into the Flower of that Name.

Narcissus; a very beautiful Boy: who falling in Love with his own Person reflected from the liquid Mirror of a Fountain, pin'd himself to Death; and was chang'd into the Flower call'd the *Daffodil*.

Here,

Here, if we credit Fame, the *Faery* Court
 Nightly frequent in Festival Resort;
 The little *Elfin* Train attend their Queen,
 And in light Gambols frisk it o'er the Green;
 While the chaste Moon her friendly Lamp inclines,
 And to the merry Crew with sloping Crescent shines.

With soft Reflections charm'd awhile I stood,
 And touch'd with Joy the lively Landskip view'd;
 When strait the Sun, that shot a feeble Beam,
 Cloudless diffus'd a more prevailing Gleam;
 Divinely clear, the Blue *Ethereal* Sky
 With genial Splendor shone and entertain'd the Eye.
 Celestial Music warbled in the Air,
 And Lyres unseen proclaim'd some Godhead near.

Struck with Surprise Leaguer gaz'd around,
 And trod with secret Awe the hallow'd Ground;
 When, from the Middle of the flow'ry Mead,
 Behold! a rich Pavilion rear'd its Head.
 Twelve *Agat* Pillars of a curious Mold,
 Their Bases Silver and their Cornice Gold,
 Justly arrang'd and oppositely plac'd,
 The Coverlet at once sustain'd and grac'd.
 The gorgeous Coverlet, a rich Brocade
 Scarce yielding to the Breeze which o'er it play'd,

Green filken Cords with Threads of Gold entwinn'd
 Around the Chapiters were seen to bind,
 Whose Tassels dangled down and wanton'd in the Wind;

The Pavement, all with colour'd Checques bestrew'd
Mosaic Work, some curious Fancy shew'd;
 And here and there bright Jewels set between
 With shining Metals mix'd were sparkling seen.

Above, five Canopies of Royal State
 Depending from the Roof, Majestick Height,
 Whose Curtains half display'd their inwrought Gold
 Furl'd by the nimble Wings of Cherubs bold,
 Five Jasper Thrones discover'd to the Eye
 Rising on Steps of sumptuous Porphyry:
 In which by magic Skill compleatly rais'd
 The Star within its mystic Garter blaz'd;
 And to display the Grandeur of the Court,
 The Fabric's Ornament and main Support,
 Two Lions lowly couch'd below each Throne,
 Emblems of Might, in golden Sculpture shone:
 Their glitt'ring Manes wav'd to the distant Sight,
 Their rolling Eye-Balls glar'd with trembling Light,
 Whose Beams forth-streaming in a lively Ray
 Illumin'd all the Tent with artful Day.
 Thence,

Thence, as with glancing Eye I chanc'd to rove
 Along the Border of the neighb'ring Grove,
 A fair Triumphal Arch begun to rise,
 And shoot its spiring Top among the Skies.
 On Gothic Columns fix'd, aloft it stood,
 And thro' its opening Curve in Prospect shew'd
 The gloomy Horror of the dusky Wood.
 When, from the Sylvan Scenes remotest Shade
 Sudden appear'd a Princely Cavalcade:
 Such as did Rome's fair Streets of old adorn
 When young *Marcellus* was in Triumph born;
 Or when great *Julius* had subdu'd the Gall,
 And laid the Northern World beneath his Thrall.
 Heroes and Godlike Men, whose valiant Hand
 Had sav'd from hostile Chains their Native Land;
 Whose Souls, inform'd in Virtue's gen'rous School,
 Stout and impatient of Tyrannic Rule,
 Firm by the Cause of Liberty had stood
 Profuse of Spirit and their Noble Blood.
 * These were the *Barons*, who in Times of Yore
 Successful Arms for England's Safety bore;

* The Barons of England, upon some very great Grievances which proceeded from Mismanagement in the Reign of K. John, took up Arms in their own and their Country's Defence, and oblig'd John to sign the famous Charter of Liberties call'd Magna Charta;

————— wherein the Crown
 All Marks of Arbitrary Power lays down:
 Tyrant and Slave, those Names of Hate and Fear,
 The happier Style of King and Subject bear.

Denham:
 which, (though some of that King's Successors have endeavour'd to Cancel it,) I hope, by the Protection of the Highest Powers, will continue inviolable to the final Dissolution of all Things.

Who drew the Patriot Sword, and stood at Bay
 Against th' incroaching Pow'r of lawless Sway:
 When vicious Fav'rites made the Crown their Tool,
 And overturn'd the State by base Misrule.
 Fair *Property* to Them her *Charter* owes,
 From Them the living Springs of *Freedom* rose;
 Which rolling down the swift Descent of Time
 Refresh with lasting Streams *Britannia's* Clime.

Next these, a Martial Symphony appear'd,
 Drums, Trumpets, Fifes thro' all the Grove were heard;
 Mole and his Neighbour Hills return'd the Sound,
 Which trembling skim'd along the hollow Ground,
 And fill'd with Ecchoes sweet the Vallies all around.
 Strait, from the leafy Covert of the Wood
 A large Brigade of well-arm'd Troops ensu'd:
 Whose lusty Limbs enchas'd in Armour bright
 Were mark'd with Scars of many a bloody Fight:
 * Long stubborn Bows were cross their Shoulders slung,
 Near which their winged Shafts in Quivers hung.
 Their colour'd Banners floated in the Wind,
 The Host in even Files came marching on behind.

But as by just Degrees they nigher drew,
 And walk'd distinguish'd in a plainer View;

* This Military Troop is design'd to represent the English Soldiery of old; among whom the Long-Bow was chiefly in Use.

Five of a more exalted Port were seen,
 Their Look Majestic and August their Mein;
 Whose spritely Soul a brighter Lustre spread,
 Which blaz'd in Glory round their awful Head;
 And as they trod with grave and solemn Pace,
 Each Motion utter'd a peculiar Grace.

Walk'd first, King *EDWARD* of uncensur'd Fame,
 First of the *Norman* Line that bears the Name.
 An Ermine Robe his graceful Person veil'd,
 The Globe and Sceptre in his Hands he held.
 Quick was his Eye, his Stature fair and tall,
 And on his Head a golden Coronet.
 Thrice worthy Monarch! who with Care pursu'd
 And kingly Love his Country's chiefest good;
 To Justice rightly yielded all her Due,
 Confirm'd old Charters and establish'd New.
 * He wisely check'd Ecclesiastic Pow'r,
 And purg'd the Chaff from off the Temples Floor:
 Pluralities, as now, were then the Game,
 At which aspiring Clerics took their Aim;
 Who always think that Church's Danger near
 Where many unprovided Priests appear.

* This King made several Laws to restrain the Exorbitance of the Clergy; particularly in prohibiting the Enjoyment of Pluralities.

I desire the following Lines, which are level'd at some of our Clergy, may be understood to point only at those designing and aspiring Men, who by a pretended Concern for the Church have prov'd the greatest Enemies to Christianity; and kindled those Flames in the Heart of the Nation, which nothing but Time and the kind Influence of Heaven will be able to allay.

But cautious *EDWARD* clip'd their well-fledg'd Wings,
 Reduc'd their Hony and pluck'd out their Stings:
 Then too some Champion Drone his Voice might rear,
 And sound Church-danger in each busie Ear;
 While the dull Swarm alarm'd by Pulpit Drum,
 Would buz and murmur with a drowsie Hum.

* His Grandson next, the valiant *EDWARD* came,
 Alike in Princely Virtues as in Name:
 Who rais'd the Grandeur of the *British* Isle,
 And made her gladden'd Vales with Plenty smile.
 The mighty Sword in Battel which he wore,
 Still seem'd to smok embu'd with Hostile Gore;
 The *Gallie* Lillies quarter'd in his Shield
 Proclaim'd the Victory of *Cressy* Field:
 And shew'd that vanquish'd *France* had truckled low
 To *English* Pow'r four Centuries ago:
 Before great *Marlbrough* saw the living Light,
 Or Annals had recorded *Blenheim* Fight.

Next the Fifth *HENRY* march'd Triumphant on;
 Whose blazon'd Scutcheon with like Trophies shone:
 His Arms did erst with like Success advance,
 To scourge the growing Pride of perjur'd *France*;

* In the time of *K. Edward the III^d* were obtain'd the two famous Victories of *Cressy* and *Poitiers*, by the Valour of his Son the *Black Prince*.
Henry the Vth, a Prince of incomparable Qualifications both of Mind and Body, who beat the French in the glorious Battel of *Agincourt*.

To

To damp her haughty *Genius*, and restrain
 Her bloody Thirst for Universal Reign
 Drawn with an *English* Strength his Arrows fly,
 Obscure the Day and intercept the Sky;
 Then fall in rathing Peals upon the Foe,
 Who trembles at the Smart and sinks beneath the Blow.
 The goary Plains with slaughter'd Heaps bespread
 Groan'd, and reluctant bore the weighty Dead
 Where many a luckless Swain half-gasping lay,
 And curs'd the Effects of Arbitrary Sway.
 With fervile Blood enrich'd, the fertile Land
 Yields its ripe Clusters to the Victor's Hand;
 And all the wealthy Country with its Spoil
 O'er-pays the hardy Soldier's willing Toil.
 Then, no false Statesman, brib'd with Foreign Gold,
 A Peace, inglorious! to the Vanquish'd sold;
 Or chain'd the vengeful Sword within its Sheath
 To skreen th' implacate Foe from coming Death.
 But all with honest Resolutions joyn'd
 To crush Tyrannic Pow'r and free Mankind.

ELISA next appear'd, fair Royal Maid,
 In Garments Purple as the Morn array'd,
 When first the Sun peeps o'er the *Eastern Hills*
 And all the Sky with Golden Glory fills.

Her

Her lovely Eyes with Gladness sparkling bright,
 Where-e'er she look'd dispens'd a cheerful Light,
 In Beams of Joy that pierc'd the gloomy Breast,
 And shining calm'd the stormy Mind to Rest.
 Few Scraps of Paper in her Hand she bore,
 And, all regardless of their Purport, tore:
Romish Decrees and damning *Papal* Bulls,
 With Curses charg'd 'gainst unsubmitive Souls;
 There *Anathems* new-breath'd from Priestly Mouth
 Were cancel'd by the kind absolving *South*;
 While unsteem'd the Pardon-Traffic lay,
 Or by remorseless Winds was blown away.

Last came the Pillar of the *British* State,
 The richest Blessing of indulgent Fates,
 Immortal *WILLIAM*; who from *Belgia's* Strand
 Cross'd the rough Seas to save a sinking Land:
 Who, when *Tyrannic Fury* rais'd its Head,
 And *Popish Pestilence* began to spread,
 Shone thro' the pitchy Air, like some bright Star
 That shoots his influencing Beams from far,
 And yields the anxious Pilot certain Light
 Bewilder'd in the Waste of dampy Night.
 Then sportive *Liberty* for ever young
 O'er all the Plains in bloomy Verdure sprung,

And, like the Dew of a soft Vernal Show'r,
 Breath'd balmy Sweets thro' ev'ry Rural Bow'r:
 Oh Liberty! whose dear enchanting Name
 Fans in each human Breast a spritely Flame,
 That with the noblest Thoughts the Soul inspires,
 And kindles in the Heart the truest Fires;
 Each gallant Mind, enliven'd by thy Charms,
 Finds Peace in War and sweet Repose in Arms,
 For thee *Britannia's* eager Sons abide
 The foaming Surges of the stormy Tide;
 Sustain the Fury of the Noon-Day Sun,
 And o'er the Death-charg'd Mine intrepid run:
 Pleas'd in thy Cause to spend their dearest Blood,
 Thy Cause enwoven with their Country's Good.

WILLIAM, by *Gallia* Forces long rever'd,
 The shrilling Music of thy Trumpet heard;
 With speed he plung'd amidst the briny Wave,
 Fearless of Danger, while intent to save:
 Till nimble born by Oriental Gales,
 Which then Propitious fill'd his swelling Sails,
 He fix'd his Standard on the *British* Plains,
 And kindly broke the Lawless Tyrant's Chains.
 For this, ordain'd a Star by Mighty *Jove*
 Embeam'd with radiant Light he shines above;

Among those ancient Worthies of Renown
 Who whilom having worn the *Englisb* Crown,
 Are still appointed, for a certain Space,
 In thin Ethereal Forms each Day to trace,
 Of *Albion's* pleasant Isle some chosen Place.

And now advancing on the flow'ry Plain,
 Mov'd on in Ranks the Visionary Train;
 Right comely Forms all clad in rich Array,
 And to the new Pavilion shap'd their Way.
 These, in whose Face a Regal Semblance shone,
 Fill'd with their noble Presence each a Throne.
 The Guardian *Barons* stood encircled round,
 In full Assembly on the chequer'd Ground.
 The long extended Military Train
 Drew up in closer Squares and cover'd all the Plain.

Hard by, a Turfy Mount with Flowrets spread
 Mantled in Green uprais'd its double Head:
 A Chrystal Spring forth-rilling from the Side
 Tumbled adown its Cliffs a purling Tide;
 Whose lucid Stream thro' secret Ducts convey'd,
 Water'd the budding Herb, and o'er the Meadow stray'd.
 High on the forky Ridge two Rev'rend Sires
 Their Voices tun'd, and struck their Golden Lyres;

In

In Notes so sweet that ev'ry list'ning Ear
 Was held attent their gentle Strains to hear:
 The lingring Winds becalm'd now ceas'd to blow,
 And *Mole's* neglected Urn forgot to flow:
Chaucer the Parent of *Britannic* Lays
 His Brow begirt with everlasting Bays,
 All in a Kirtle of green Silk array'd
 With gleeful Smile his merry Lesson play'd.
 His fellow Bard beside him *Spenser* fate
 And twitch'd the sounding Chords in solemn State:
 An Ivy Garland on his Temples hoar
 With Sprigs of Lawrel interwove he wore:
 Adown his Shoulders hung a Mantle blue
 Bedrop'd with Spangles of a Golden Hue;
 Of Arms and *Elfin* Knights he mus'd his Song,
 And taught in Mystic Tales the list'ning Throng.

Mean while the great Cabal in Consult fate
 Fixing their sage Resolves by wise Debate.
 On *Britain's* Welfare all their Thoughts were turn'd:
 For her their Soul with kindest Passions burn'd:
 Their Country's Good was once their chiefest Aim,
 And still they strive to raise their Country's Fame.
 Then from her lofty Throne the *Vestal* Queen
 Enrob'd with Silver Light like *Cynthia* sheen,

Fair

Fair *Virtue's* Child the bright *Elisa* rose,
And, as she graceful stood, her Lips these Words disclose.

Princes and Heav'nly Forms, whose chief Delight,
While earthly Rulers, sprung from dealing Right;
Who then enjoy'd your grateful People's Love,
As now you share these happy Realms above;
And still with pious Care intent survey
The thin-spun Plots which peevish *Factions* lay:
No more henceforth let jealous Fears molest
Your calm Repose, nor mar your peaceful Rest.
Rome, Nurse of *Error*, Cause of all our Woes,
The bitter Fount whence dire *Sedition* flows,
Rome and her triple Mischiefs are no more,
Her foul Pollutions and her Idol store.
Those fatal Perjuries that lurk'd erewhile
In ev'ry Temple of this spacious Isle,
Like Night give Place to more prevailing Day,
By Flames of true Religion purg'd away.
At my Command her *Pagan* Altars fell,
And all her Fury Troop withdrew to Hell;
Where *Faux* and *Garnet* rufully repine,
The foul Misguidance of their black Design,
Doom'd to eternal Plots in some Sulphureous Mine.

Britain from *Rome* while *Alpine* Rocks divide,
 And *Neptune* rolls between his foamy Tide,
 May *Paul's* Cathedral rear its gilded Head,
 And o'er the City stretch a spacious Shade;
 From foreign Climes see injur'd People come,
 Invoking Aid beneath its ample Dome;
 And hospitably form a safe Retreat
 From the fierce Flames of persecuting Heat.
 May fair *Britannia's* Adamantine Shield
 To suppliant States a kind Protection yield;
 While brandishing aloft her Ebon Spear,
 She strikes the Tyrant Breast with thrilling Fear.
 Far may the Trumpet of extensive Fame
 To utmost Coasts resound her dreaded Name;
 Where the Midflowing Sea 'twixt *Europe* pours
 His liquid Barrier and the *Afric* Shores:
 Or where the *Danube* from his distant Source
 Glides thro' an hundred Cities in his Course.
 Where-ever injur'd Right for Vengeance cries,
 Or Innocence oppress'd implores the Skies;
 Swift let her failing Thunders plow the Main,
 True Judgment give and lawless Pow'r restrain:
 Impartial may her unsheath'd Sword controul
 The rugged Warrior of the frozen Pole;

F And

And shake the wrongful Tyrant's lofty Throne
Tho' fix'd beneath the distant burning Zone.

Hail happy Isle! whom Heaven-ruling Jove
Indulgent warms with a distinguish'd Love;
Who on her Bosom melts in balmy Rain
And scatters Golden Plenty o'er the Plain:
With Shades embrown'd adorns her rising Hills,
And opening Vales with kindly Moisture fills.
See teeming Ceres o'er the fertile Land
Pregnant with Grain, a hopeful Prospect stand.
The Shepherd on each Mountain's shrubby Top
Varies his mellow Pipe in ev'ry Stop;
While all his woolly Grafs bite their Food,
Or seek the Cool along some banky Flood.
Here, close retir'd within the Sea-girt Shore
Nature profuse wantons with all her Store;
While springly Flow'rs adorn the smiling Earth,
And ripen'd Fruits burst out in kindly Birth,
With Fence of steepy Rocks environ'd round
Secure she hears the dashing Surges found;
Tho' fretting Billows wash her chalky Sides
And frowning Neptune swells in threat'ning Tides;
Unmov'd she sits with pleasing Look serene,
While at her Feet he breaks and spends his frothy Spleen.

Now,

Now, disappointed *Zealots* may complain,
 And in unseemly Grumbings vent their Pain;
 Lament the *Spurious Elf*, their only Hope,
 Idol of Slaves and Nurrling of the Pope;
 Or scar'd with Guilt and cover'd with the Night,
 To their Fantastic Monarch urge their Flight;
 Like exil'd Vassals justly share his Fate,
 Nor longer stay to taint a freeborn State.
 Now, now break forth fair *Albion's* Golden Days,
 Illustrious *GEORGE*, long-wish'd, the Sceptre sways;
 Now blisful *Liberty* reviv'd, again
 With thousand Charms enamours all the Plain;
Virtue late languid rears her chearful Head,
 And *Honour* stands in knavish *Falsbood's* stead.
 With Joy I now review the great Design,
 When I appointed first the *Stuart* Line;
 This Happy Age confirms the Work Divine.
 The present Race of Heros shall atone
 For all the past Misfortunes of the Throne;
 Restore those ancient Laws to *Britain's* Isle,
 Which *France* by Bribes has broke, or *Rome* by Guile.

Tho' *Rome* again should spawn new Vipers forth,
 And with her Brood infect the purer North;
 Tho' *Popery*, by me long since struck Dead,
 Should bud, like *Hydra*, with redoubled Head;

Tho'

Tho' *Louis*, noted for his faithless *Fame*,
 Should thrice three Times a new *Pretender* frame;
 And cite each *Pagan* Prince with loud *Alarms*
 To back his Minion's Title with their *Arms*:
 As oft my self with *WILLIAM* would descend,
 And for *Britannia's* lab'ring Cause contend;
 The *French*, as late on fam'd *Ramillia's* Field,
 Vanquish'd by *Protestant* Allies should yield:
 And Felon *Traitors*, as the due Reward
 Of Foes to *Justice*, groan beneath her Sword.

Here ceas'd the Queen, and all with joynt *Acclaim*
 The list'ning Circle bless'd her sacred *Name*:
 The stern *Plantagenets* full lowly bow'd,
 And their Consent in courtly Smiles allow'd,
 Pleas'd with the soothing Rhet'ric, which assur'd
 Old *England's* Freedom and her Laws secur'd.

Again, the tuneful Bards in Lyric Strain
 Model'd their Notes, and warbled o'er the Plain,
 Stealing my raptur'd Senses---when behold!
 A Cloud Ambrosial skirted round with Gold,
 Hov'ring descended from the azure Skies,
 And snatch'd the pleasing Vision from my Eyes.

F I N I S.